T/SOR/49/2/24

ten years down

the line
the line
the line
the line
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the line
the line

Jim Ferguson

Bobby Christie

TEN YEARS DOWN

Bobby Christie

The Human Animal Strikes

Jim Ferguson

Rattus Domesticus or
poems of luv & domesticity

Neruda Press
Glasgow 1997

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Dermot &Paul Anderson

bucket of asterisks
Rob Paraman £6-00
"An insight into Australia that is not available from the soaps on TV." *Angus Dunn- Northwords*

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Introduction

In early 1987, along with Graham Fulton and Ronnie McNeil, we started publishing booklets of poetry under the imprint of Itinerant Publications. At this time we were based in Paisley; the first booklet we published was called Tower of Babble and featured poetry by the four of us. From this flowed a series of booklets, readings and meetings which formed the basis for our present activities. Itinerant lasted three years and during that time the writers who either published or performed as 'Itinerant Poets' were: Carey Robertson, Alan MacSporran-Watt, Margaret Fulton Cook, Christine McCammond, Brian Whittingham, Steve Crone, and Ronnie Smith. We worked, co-operated, learned from and sometimes became friends with other writers and artist along the way. This disparate bunch of folk included Billy Borland, Paul Anderson, Jim McSharry, Tom Leonard, Malcolm Dickson, Russell Kennedy, Jim Kelman, Brendan McLaughlan, Joe Murray, Kenny McKenzie, Ramsay Kanaan, Karen Thomson, John McGarrigle, Rab Fulton, Rodney R. Relax, Sandie Craigie, Margaret McQuade McAuslan, Duncan McLean, Dermot Anderson, Freddy Anderson and the writers' groups in Paisley, Glasgow Southside and Maryhill. By 1990-91 we had moved to Glasgow, Itinerant had been wound up and Neruda Press was founded by Bobby Christie. With both Itinerant and Neruda we have tried to do radical work; publishing writers or work that most mainstream publishers wouldn't want to touch. While our activities were and are 'underground' in a way, it was and is our intention to act at a local level but keep national and international perspectives in mind: that is to understand both reading and writing as an artistic practice which is a fundamental part of how one responds to existence, as a physical and intellectual freedom. This includes, of course, the freedom to dissent, to oppose exploitation and oppression. This booklet has been published to mark ten years of this kind of activity (and our birthdays), it is also the 3rd of a sequence of pamphlets begun earlier this year. It is important to us at this time when much creative writing is marketed like something akin to a tin of beans that this kind of work continues and is continued. We hope you enjoy the writing contained here and its insistence upon uncompromising artistic freedom.

Cheers, Jim Ferguson & Bobby Christie, 2/9/97.

deconstructing

RED ART RED ART RED ART RED
RED ART A
RED ART R R
RED ART E T
RED ART D R
RED ART A E
E R D
D RED ART A
A E R
R D RED T
T A ART R
R R E
E T D
DARTRED ART RED ART REDART

The Swastika

prelude to release

THANK FUCK IT'S FRIDAY
i have made it through another week

THANK FUCK IT'S FRIDAY
i have made it through another week

feel the space use the space
touch the freedom of the space

can't shout out in the streets
can't scream in clubs and pubs

use the space touch the space
feel the freedom of the space

shout out and dance in the open
dance and be free in the space

THANK FUCK IT'S FRIDAY
i have made it through another week

in this space and in the open
let us be who we really FUCKING are

multi-media

NUDE PAINTER PAINTS NAKED POET

NAKEDPAINTER PAINTS NUDE POET

welcome to my fantasy
but who will join me herein

nude painter uses her art
freely
withought clothes to tie her down

naked poet shouts out fresh
language
no time is taken to correct

NUDE PAINTER PAINTS NAKED POET

NAKEDPAINTER PAINTS NUDE POET

welcome to my fantasy
as powder paint turns the air
sky blue earth brown sea green

while nude painter and naked poet
become tools of their own art
their bodies forming abstract designs

NUDE PAINTER PAINTS NAKED POET

NAKED PAINTER PAINTS NUDE POET

welcome to my fantasy
but who will join me herein

BLUES is a way of LIFE

GIRO swings into action
as I pay off
my daily debt

out there
in this world
I clothe
and feed myself

out there
in the open sea
I bathe
and drink

now here
in the city
I wait
and listen

THE BLUES POETS
CLUTHA VAULTS

by the
River Clyde

in this city over the city
listen to rain fall
storm down

so let that **HARMONICA**
WAIL

do the wild thing
in the language of music
let us forget
just for a while
the poverty
of these times

let us just **FUCKING DANCE**

abstract realism

such an interactive drug
the drink
when you dance and chase

catch on fire and fly
the drink is the only thing
on planet earth
that makes any sense

not like the dope
chilling out
slowing the five senses
practicing for the
cold fucking grave

the drink
when you're lucky enough
to be on it

it's as if every
atom
in
your body
is set to go

everything's crazy
then the atoms
go bang
and you're dead
to this world

but before this happens
what a life
what a life
for the living

the free and easy

MAN THE JOB HUNTER

WILD is **FRIDAY**
TIME of the **WEEK**
when **HONEST WORKING MEN**
can go out on the town
for a bit of a drink
with other
HONEST WORKING WOMEN

and **FUCK** it's
FUN FUN FUN FUN
watching them
letting their hair down
just like all the other
DRUNKS in this **MAD WORLD**
and they know in their

HEARTS of **HEARTS**
W H A T

vain animal

DO YOU LOOK AT YOUR HAIR
BEFORE YOU GO OUT
DO YOU LOOK AT YOUR HAIR
BEFORE YOU GO OUT
I DON'T LOOK AT MY HAIR
BEFORE I GO OUT

funky lines there
from
THE FALL

and as I get older
it gets harder
and I don't **FUCKING** know
what it is?

the **YEAR 2000**
is a lot to live up to
even our computers
can't deal with it

I say again
what is it?
who would be a
FUCKING HUMAN BEING
the tricky large brain

DO YOU LOOK AT YOUR HAIR
BEFORE YOU GO OUT
DO YOU LOOK AT YOUR HAIR
BEFORE YOU GO OUT
I DON'T LOOK AT MY HAIR
BEFORE I GO OUT

sampling football

i'm reading
listening to the football
while reading

VARIANT : VOLUME 2 NUMBER 1 WINTER 1996

Dunfermline have just scored
MASS CULTURE MASS CULTURE
Rangers have just scored
critical practice makes outstanding goals
Rangers have just scored

in these times
of art and red wine
I watch the moon shine
float on pass
my view out
Rangers have just scored
my view out on the universe
the beauty of **MASS CULTURE**
trying to find out
what makes everything **TICK**
why the hell
if it's a good goal
it's a good goal
unless you want to be a manager
if you want to be
Rangers have just scored
if you want **MASS REVOLUTION**
MASS CULTURAL REVOLUTION
as poverty of the five senses
and poverty of the pockets
make unreal daily politics
for us at the bottom of the heap
Rangers have just won 1-6
they make the final once more
MASS CULTURE MASS CULTURE
the quiet fight continuals
on all sides of the borders

VARIANT MOVES ON IN NEW FORM
Dunfermline were not unlucky
as Tamil Tigers kill 13 policemen
in a country with a false name
and we all stand by waiting
for the final the final

CLYDE

First warm summer sun
sure and I'm drunk
to the break of morning.

Sitting by the Clyde
cider between my two hands.
Seagulls reeling overhead

and the river is in my heart.
Someone talks to me of **HAPPYDAYS**
I smile and say **PADDY'S MARKET**.

But who is it again,
Samuel Beckett or Elvis Costello?

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

DRINKING.

Twelve pints of Guinness
to get a free T-shirt, a few
laughs, kiss and cuddle,
high as a kite, in love with
all of humanity, watching
the drunk man standing up,
being sick in the one move-
ment as all around there's
understanding, kinship and
smiles in the eyes of the Irish.

LUNGS

Glasgow's green places
are the lungs of this city.
I walk into their blood stream
learning to breath again.

Clearing out this fucked up head
as blue tits and wrens dart
about in the undergrowth
of this space
green place!

I lie down at ease on the grass
listening to the blackbirds sing.

Summertime

9 o'clock in the evening
it's the first week in June.
I'm daydreaming after eating
then out of the window
my eye catches the sight
of Swifts darting in the air.

Summertime all the way from Africa
and my heart races a little faster.
This takes the pressure off thinking
about my acts when on the drink.
What do they say, each day
each day is harder than the last.

The Swifts are exhilarating when flying.

Working class merchant of chat

Outside the Italian Chipshop
on Pollokshaws Road.
My eyes are shot with beauty,
two wild and local women.

So we talk about our undying love
for poetry, the smile, the laugh
but I know in their hearts
what they're thinking

and it's this?

Is that fire burning in his eyes
or is it just flames from the booze.

The Hiker

To kill a god, simple you might say. Then get on with life in a human way, only men and women to side along or fight against.

I have come a long way tonight without a party or group of people. I am alone like the north star but then it's part of a system, solar or otherwise.

Clear sky is now bright and cold. I cannot see anykind of god in the shape of man or anyother concrete form. I lie down under trees, branches and leaves. All the world around me is insect and living wood. This is my camp.

What am I but a man, an animal with the use of tools, the thought to use tools then make anew. A fire, the wheel, our language and the tools to put silent other tongues which do not speak the same as us.

Falling asleep in the forest under night sky where star planets appear to be in the same time as us but in reality maybe they are already dead and gone. Our sight just holds their light. I forget and dream.

Faraway from that world of towns and cities. Dust and violence in their streets, inside houses, within living rooms where battered women nurse their children. Husbands wanting sex which their partners cannot give because of the pain from giving birth to their sons or to their shame, daughters. The men show their children proudly to their families and friends, looking for a sign that they have done something right in their lives.

I lie under these stars listening to insects making their night music, calling out their right to mate, marking their borders with sound. Any male of the same species entering will have to fight to take control.

God is almost dead in my eyes. This place of dreams is alive with constant buzzing, wind in the trees, beat of my own heart brings me to ground. I sit up straight knowing that I love man and womankind.

Sunrise is a beautiful sight. Morning birds sing. It was my self-determination that brought me to this point in my life. I enjoy listening to the birdsong. The wars of this world are almost behind me. I can now stretch my arms and find space enough in which to live a life.

Any god I had left is now dead.

The trees bend in the wind and all the world is a child. I get up and break camp, start walking towards a loch which I know is beyond the hill.

I will fish there as I have not eaten yet today. Clouds are now in the sky. It is midday, some blue shows through the white. I feel warm and alive to nature.

The forest edge and loch meet, I am there. An animal with the use of tools, in this case a fishing rod. I set the line and cast into calm peaty water. The worm on the end of my line will settle on the bottom making movements which will kill. My head swims from the thoughts of my own being. Trees have bird song, insects are now quiet except for butterflies and the odd bee kissing a flower.

My eyelids begin to close just as a fish strikes the bait.

****

RATTUS DOMESTICUS OR POEMS OF LUV & DOMESTICITY

Jim Ferguson

carrots (helpyi see nthi dark)

sensin through darkness
thi looknma face
shi says
ir you smilin

aye, ah say
nwondir
at thi miracle
uv thi thing

n remembir
alwiz bein telt
ti eat up ma carrots
n ah nivir did like thum

ah askhur
through thi black,
yi alwiz eat yir carrots?
aye, shi says

ahv cumti luv carrots

dinnir

lookit that fuckn shite
you tryin ih take thi rip

whit izit a cock-roach
ur sumkinna slimy beetle

inma mince n tatties anaw
ah thoat thi prime ministir

wuz eatin here thi day, christ
thats mibby how thirs extra

potatoes n insects

odd

san odd kerry-oan
tell mi

whenji actually
actually feel (free?)

tell mi
whenji feel exactly lik

yir no
odd

aftir thought

wahnti kiss yi
hmoan hen

shaved thi day promiss
ummurny jaggy

nthirs nuthin tae it
nae ulterior motive

sept furthi fact
fact that ah feel

aye, its awright
ah feel jist

that ah dont want
ti huv virginal lips

furthi restuv ma days
n a luv yi anaw

socially excluded

yi aye huvti feel sorry
fur elected representatives

munny jist seemsti
stick ti thum lik

thi pilsbury fuckn doughman-
oor poor politicans

undirpaid n hungry
whit kin they dae

bit take anuthir directirship
n no declare it, speshly no

inthi commins register
uv members suicides

n that

that draind wey, heid spinnin
no again, aye again

fuck me, dont know
wherr ti go, weyti turn

this n that, thats it
jist this n that

innat, eh?

feelins

ach yi dont know mi, know
ah nivir did fuck all really

no wan wey urthi othir
jist maykin thi dinnir

bit uv hoose-wurk passes thi time
hoovirins much bettir than tryin ti tok

aboot yir feelins, ma feelins
any cunts feelins, nthen

thirs thi politics nthi jokes
funny wan aboot tony blairs teeth

aye, nthi sexual politics
ah dont like huvn sex in public

thats jist me but
mibby am shy

ach, jist fuckn tok
furget thi hoose-wurk

jist drap thi hoovir
oot thi windae

a right mess

hoosis a
right mess

canny find
thi hoovir

anywherr
sumjunkies

mibby been
n blagged it

a right mess
wioot ma hoovir

divorce

state uvthi dishes
nthis place

aw durty
aw alive

nshoutin
- cleanuz ya lazy bastard

nsmashin thirsels
owre ma heid

n aff thi woz
jist ti make sure

ah get thi point
ah get thi point

these dishes dont
wahnt ti live here

anymerr

a bad name

lookityi drunk
n incapable

canny even walk
rantn oan aboot

king billy this
nthi provos that

kinda cunt thit
thitgeez

rihlijina bad name
thatzwhut

friends

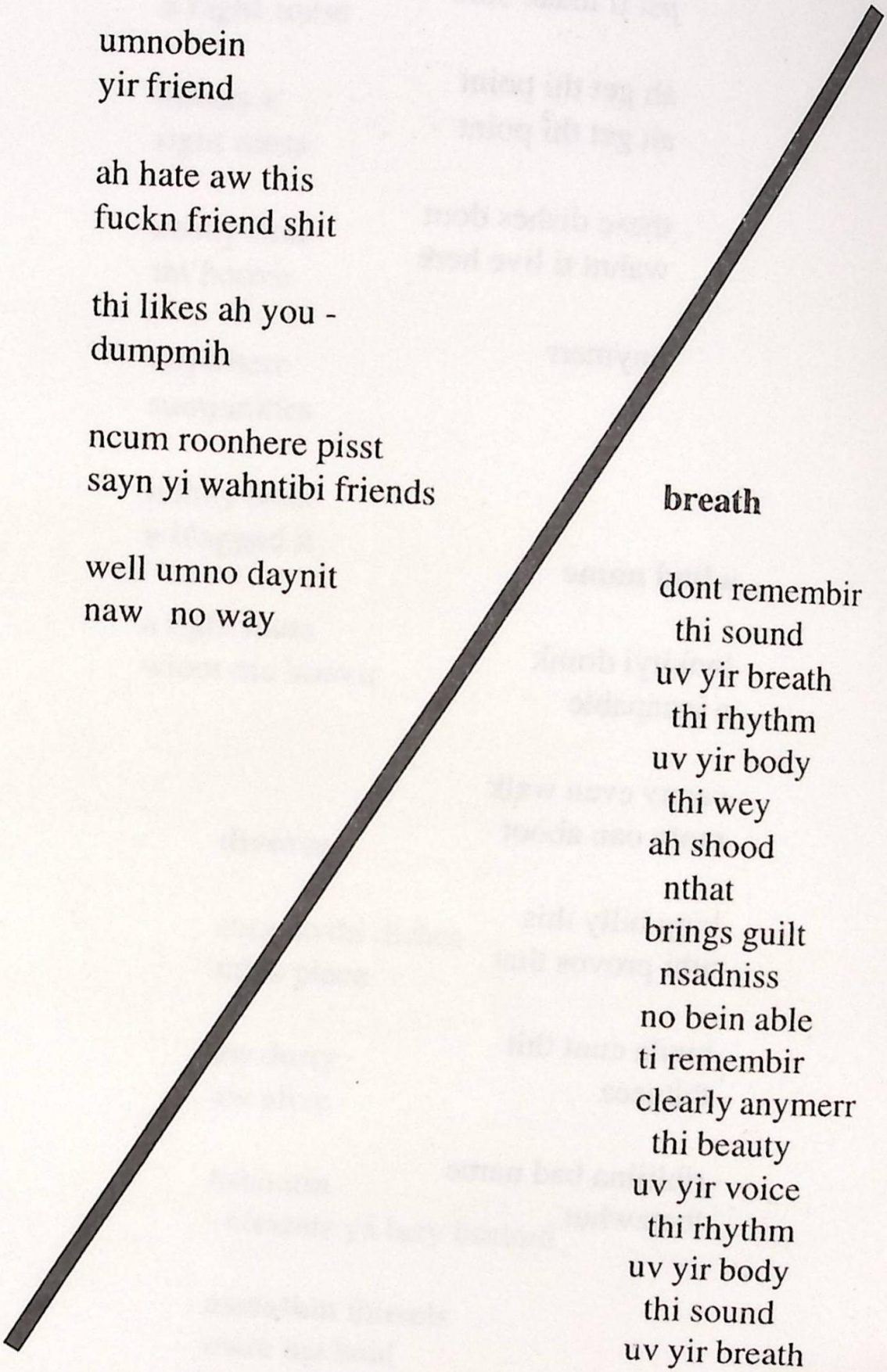
umnobein
yir friend

ah hate aw this
fuckn friend shit

thi likes ah you -
dumpmih

ncum roonhere pisst
sayn yi wahntibi friends

well umno daynit
naw no way



breath

dont remembir
thi sound
uv yir breath
thi rhythm
uv yir body
thi wey
ah shood
nthat
brings guilt
nsadniss
no bein able
ti remembir
clearly anymerr
thi beauty
uv yir voice
thi rhythm
uv yir body
thi sound
uv yir breath

erotica

fancia winch, naw
shag mibby, naw
uch cumoan, naw
cuddle then, naw
peck oan thi cheek, naw
ach fuckit amgettnup furra smoke, good
ach nthat case ahll no bothr, naw
naw, good
good, whitaboot a blowjob
a whit
a blo...
ahno whit itis
well
well, durty bastard
naw ummurny
aye yi ur
aye well
awayn huvyir smoke
naw
well dont then
dont whit
jist dont
awright
awright
goodnight
goodnight
...then jist as we drifted off into dreamland i wondered, what's the point in being, in being in the same bed as somebody... but i knew, oh aye, i knew that every night wouldn't be like this, indeed, even such a sterile debate is somewhat erotic.

A Children's History of the Electrification of the British Isles

Before 1707, when Scotland was independent, there was no electric lighting in any of the houses, yet only 290 years after the Act of Union almost all the houses have electric lights and other things too, like irons and toasters and kettles and hoovers and cookers and fridges and micro-wave ovens and TVs and so on. It's clear such progress could never have come to pass were it not for the formation of Great Britain; the pioneering spirit of the people on these islands was never so strong as when in 1800 Ireland volunteered to join the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Dependencies. It was truly marvellous, all that Celtic blood coursing through the arteries of empire, the only problems being some unruly Scots and Irish types who were none to keen to join the United kingdom of Great Britain and Dependencies, but the British were very clever, indeed, some might say devious, and the Irish too soon realised that being Irish might be better than being Great British, but the more electricity there was in Scotland the more the Scots liked being British, until they had so much electricity they didn't know what to do with it and so they had to start thinking for themselves, which is sometimes hard if you're out of practice: then of course there is the Wales and the Welsh still don't seem to know what to think either, to be or not to be British, is that the question?

modern glasgow love poem

floodlights
football
electricity

the flicker of computer screens
the drone of TV commentators
the shock of white clouds floating

on
the
horizon

movingcloser across a bright & widening sky-
density of bodies travelling through the city
day & night :night full of breathless light

beautiful
&
mad

in the city of glasgow
in the hopeless dull administration
in the wonderful faces of women & men

who drink
& work
against the odds

against the fucking odds the sun floods our souls
with energy & insight, keeps us moving
dancing, blowing the auld blues harmonica

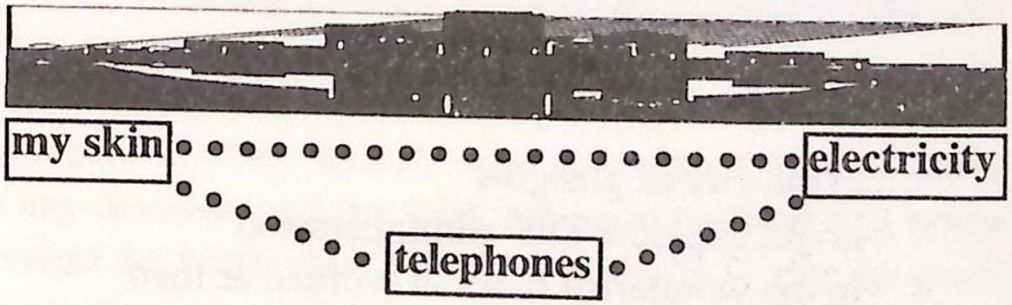
pushing on
high, hitting
hitting, high high notes

& the orange train under the city is okay today, sure
& pure, & smelling like auld bed sheets (so be it)
let it rumble & flow, flow & rumble below the street

under our feet
let it move
beneath the city

under over & into the world
out of the womb & into the light
so far & fast & free, no police in sight

so far & fast & free
& travelling onwards
into the joy inside



0141 0141 **0141** : 0141 **0141** 0141
hello **hello** ***hello*** : **hello** ***hello*** **hello**

ringing-out
ringing-out
into the night

over dark & lonely hours: over sunrise & church bells
into the joy inside my skin: inside my skull- electricity-
impulses of nerves: colourful nerves of your eyes

full of light
cells of light
of growth
of photosynthesis

of neurones & respiration & the movement of bodies
bodies sweating in the light, into the light
& dark of a magic fucking fuck & lightning

into the impulse
the electricity of life
flooding & dripping-

all over & under :light full of fluid & tongues
a flood of light to swim & drown in
swim off & away into the electricity of nerves

into the space
where love lives
blowing the auld blues
harmonica

this is love
is a love poem
a love heart (HA!)

let's go- right inside our hearts
melt right into our hearts-
disappear into the density of flesh
travelling through the city streets-
as the river flows off
as the Clyde flows away
flows away
flows away

resisting an urge

gettin that hyper way
energetic restless
wanting booze & talk
a blast of Iggy Pop

should cure it maybe just
maybe just go go for a pint
to calm it aw doon
take the edge off things

maybe instead just sit
wonder about love n that
then let it aw go blank
just let it aw go

blank

...more non-agenda related underground press madness which is suitable for use as a sexual stimulant- "better than poppers" said Winston Churchill from his mutilated portrait...

Lord Dacre.

Neruda Press

Glasgow 1997

£4-00

ISBN 1 900111 68

Ten years down and more drunken years to come. 50 years on from India getting Independence. Scotland says Aye, Aye. What a Day? Victory to anti-imperialist forces!

BC.